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The Pathfinder

—
SEPTEMBER, 1907
—

Studies in English Romanticism

II.—WILLIAM BLAKE

By EDWIN WILEY

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B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A., LL.D.,
Vice-Chancellor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

With the July number, 1907, THE PATHFINDER begins its second volume. We promise to maintain in this the same standard of excellence. During the year the *Old Authors* series, including Malory, Cervantes, Boccaccio, Michelangelo and Abelard, will be continued; a new series of *Literary Portraits* by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Milton, etc.

It is now impossible to supply volume one; certain numbers are no longer in print.

All *new* subscriptions *must* begin with number one of volume two.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT }
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE } *Associate Editors*
EDWIN WILEY }

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

PUBLISHERS' PAGE

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE } *Associate Editors*
EDWIN WILEY

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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of SEWANEE TENNESSEE



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ROSE-LEAVES

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

All of my rose-leaves do I garner here
And place them on an altar far apart,
Long have I gathered them from street and mart,
Where winds have blown them in a season drear ;
And some do hold a kiss and some a tear,
Remembering the thorn and bitter smart,
Yet some may find a shelter in your heart,
From all my rose-leaves of a yester-year.

And of my life how little worth there be,
The roads that went so very far astray,
Roses once red and now long since grown gray,
Only their scattered petals left to me —
Still to your altar these I needs must bring,
All of my rose-leaves . . . all I have of Spring!

*STUDIES IN ENGLISH ROMANTICISM**II.—WILLIAM BLAKE**By* EDWIN WILEY

Another germinal thought running through Blake's prophetic books is that of the relativity of knowledge. The profoundest of spiritual optimists, he saw, nevertheless, that a thing essentially good might become evil by excess, by being out of its true place, or by being put to a wrong use. Thus Urizen, the rational powers of man, by endeavoring to apply intellectual and logical restrictions to the warm impulses of the heart destroys the validity of both mind and heart. On the contrary, when Luvah, or the emotional element of man usurps the sphere of the mind, the result is likewise disaster. Both in their place are good, but out of it are wholly evil.

The student of Blake, however, must guard against the temptation to seek a so-called logical interpretation of the poet's work, for it is, above all, poetry and must stand or fall as such. He asserted that both thought and poetic form came to him in its perfected form from the spirit world,

and protested most strenuously against the endeavor to explain his message by dialectical processes of criticism. His appeal, he tells us, is not to the corporeal mind but to the spiritual vision of man, an endeavor to restore the Golden Age. The fact that man had lost the gift of spiritual insight was to him the tragic fault of humanity, yet he was serene in the faith that there would be now and then a few who could read his meanings.

Did Blake see visions? Clearly he did, but he is careful to tell us that they were such visions as any man may see if he opens the shuttered windows of his soul. Man has turned from the spiritual rays flowing upon him, placing all of his reliance upon the five senses, thereby narrowing infinitely the soul's horizon, and rendering humanity a slave to time and space, both of which are essentially restrictions and thereby evil.

Of psychic laws and potentialities we know but little, yet there are those who believe that we stand on the threshold of fuller knowledge. These will not deny to Blake the power of calling up spirits from the vasty deep; for in such a case it is less difficult to affirm than to deny, when denying would only serve to cast discredit upon all prophetic utterance from the beginning of

time. Ezekiel, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Paracelsus, Boehme, Swedenborg and Emerson would have no more authority among us. Like Shakespeare's Caesar we would look each in the face and pass on saying: "He is a dreamer."

Nevertheless, when all is said and done in deprecation and denial, William Blake, the mystic, stands as the first articulate voice in the eighteenth century crying out against the false in art and literature. While not organically a part of the revolution, spiritually he was of it, and beyond. The profound individualism of the man rose in revolt against the untruth and half-truth of his time, and rejected it with a scorn that never died. His message was not for his own day, hence it has slept like his Urizen bound in base matter, awaiting the hour of awakening. That hour did not come for many years. Perhaps it has not fully come yet; but those who earliest found the message were the shapers of the culture of the nineteenth century to a Renaissance as significant as that of the fifteenth.

Many explanations have been made of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement, yet if that revolt against ugliness and insincerity be traced to its ultimate source it will be found in the writings of William Blake. The profound un-

rest and denial that was purely individual, even solitary with him, with them was social; and at last the one crying out in the wilderness found his little band of believers and disciples, making the thing that with him was but a hope and a prayer, with them a realization and an assurance.

Rossetti found in William Blake the two things that he had been long, perhaps unconsciously, seeking: the glamour and poetry of the Gothic times, and an art that was free. In his boyhood, Keats' *Eve of Saint Agnes* and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* had pointed out the way, but it was the yellowed manuscript of Blake that brought to him the master who could guide his wayward genius straightway to the garden of the Hesperides, even to the mystic rose of beauty itself.

Indeed, it is one of those familiar but inexplicable turns of fate that brought these kindred spirits thus so strangely together. The thought comes, and will not be argued away, that the spirit of the dead poet guided the owner of his precious book unerringly to the man best fitted to grasp its message of truth and beauty and transmit it to a slothful and negligent world. That this idea is all fancy is doubtless true, yet it is a fancy that Blake himself would have found richly worth contemplation.

However that may be, the astonishing duality of Blake's genius finds its equally astonishing image in that of Rossetti, save that in the latter the vague and melancholy genii of Blake become warm-blooded men and women; the tremendous surges of orphic utterance become transformed into a living flame of art. The dream of yesterday is the fact of to-day. The spirit of Blake breathed into Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris and Burne-Jones has transformed the world of art, yet the question remains, "Has the message all been told? Is there in the apocalyptic visions of this strange man something that transcends art and poetry, a revelation, indeed, concerning life itself, our faith in it, its reasonableness and its worth?"

There are those who would laugh at this question. They are, however, but the modern brothers and sisters of the good people who laughed at Blake when he asserted that the stars were not so far away after all, for one night, at the end of a dark lane, he had touched the sky with his walking stick. Verily, the philistine, the literalist and the man without humor, like the poor, are with us always.

(Concluded from August Number)

A JAPANESE BOUQUET

Arranged in a Vase of English Verse

By FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

All our dreams are blown adrift as flowers before a fan,
All our hearts are haunted in the heart of old Japan.

Alfred Noyes.

The flower must fade though it have sweetest scent;
Naught in this world is sure or permanent.
The lofty mountains which of late I crossed,
Shadows are they, to all but memory lost.

Vanished my joy and pain,
The dreams alone remain.

Kobodaishi (Ninth Century.)

Whose song doth awake from the silvery brake?
Ask the lorn nightingale who doth mistake
The sweet blown snowflakes for the bursting plum.
O have no fear, impatient Dear,
Sing on, the laggard Spring will surely come!

Sosei (Ninth Century.)

What is called poetry arises from the heart;
Man gives to words the feelings of himself the part.
Feelings diverse, or manifold,
Doth poetry unfold.

Tsurayuki (Tenth Century.)

Compiler of "Kokinshiu."

As the Samurai among men are kings,
 So the cherry is chief of flowering things.
 On banks of the Mukojima
 How brave its blossomings!

By the shimmer of pale moonlight,
 How may I come
 To the flowers of the plum?
 Their fragrance will guide me aright.

Each dream of night a heavenly courier seems,
 Since that one night thou cam'st to me in dreams.
 No more in tears I watch the daybeam shine,
 Knowing that in the world of sleep thou'rt mine!

Komachi (Ninth Century.)

True, I am old, but not ungraciously
 Would pine against Time's unrelenting power.
 Had Time not borne me on unceasingly,
 I had not reached the dawn of this glad hour!

Toshiyuki.

There is no joy in life can be compared with *sleep*,
 And only fools are swift to wake, and work, and weep.

From heights of my palace gazing,
 My people's welfare appraising,
 I watch the tribute soft clouds are raising.
 It is the heavenly incense which heav'nward doth aspire :
 Lo, everywhere the kettle is smoking on the fire.
The Mikado, Nintoku Tenno (Third Century.)

—
Autumn sky is like some women's hearts if
guessed aright,
For both are known to change at least sev'n
times in a night.

—

While tender mists caress the lightsome air,
Were I some fair flower of the youngling Spring,
Becoming then so sweetly-wished a thing,
Would'st thou not gather me, O cruel Fair?

Okikaze.

—

O Sweet, the pillow of my hand is wet,
And yet
It is not autumn weather:
How many a tear for a dream so dear,
Instead of us together!



OVERTONES

By HARRISON MOORE

I ask not alms, oh life, of thee!
Nor guerdon for mortality,
Only, I wist unceasingly.

I do not weep because the mire
Has held and stained my soul entire,
Only, I feel a blind desire.

I seek not sanctity or place,
Fame, riches, or especial grace,
But I would hold a hidden face.

*OLD AUTHORS TO READ**V.—SIR THOMAS MALORY**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN*

“Who remembered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her—”

It is our good fortune that many of the old authors left nothing behind them telling of their personality save their work. Bare facts as chronicled in biography very frequently fail to say anything really worth knowing about a man, and betimes there is a tendency to make hazy that which he would speak for himself in his books. Allah be praised for the contemporaries of the dream-maker who were so considerate as to believe it unnecessary to write for your benefit and mine the story of his life. They left it to our imagination, bidding the old knight himself, as he lifts friendly eyes from between lines, aid us in this joyous task.

Therefore we have little to regret in our lack of historical knowledge of the life of Sir Thomas Malory. We have the man himself, which is better. There is practically nothing to record

concerning that which he did this year, or that; of when he wrote or how; no testimonial of the make of armor he liked best to wear; nothing, I say, save that at sometime during the years of his life he wrote the greatest romance of chivalry in any language, and in it the maker has told us more of himself than possibly could have been written by any one else. He came into the world not to be a monk, as some believe; nor a statesman, as others would have him; nor even a doughty tilter upon the fields of battle; but to write, for the love of making it, the *Morte d'Arthur*.

I have little doubt that he was a monk—"a servant of Jesu both day and night." A monk with the heart of a man wrought of fighting and of dreaming. You cannot see him celebrating a religious service unless delving in old manuscripts, where history is colored with romantic deed, is a religious service. But how easy it is indeed to see him stealing time from his prayers to read certain French legends of adventure, and to make dreams of Arthur and his men. It may be true that he wore a cowl and a cassock on his body, but I'm sure he wore them set upon his heart. There, armour of a Knight fitted him better.

It has been the misfortune of many men of letters whose hearts were filled with a longing for the manly action of adventure that they could but realize it in the joy of writing about it. Robert Louis, our Well-Beloved, you'll remember, could but sit and spin fire-woven tales of the deeds he would like to have regained from the Spanish Main. Dumas ruined himself playing at the game of being Monte Cristo. And I've a notion to this same spirit in Malory is due the great Arthur. It is true that he was a Knight, but this title of nobility is no more significant of his activities than drawing the conclusion that Lord Tennyson led the charge of the *Light Brigade* instead of dreaming it by the side of his winter fire. Jim Hawkins, who went hunting doubloons on Treasure Island, would never have found time or the patience to have written Stevenson's tale, any more than could have the sword-hand of the Vicomte Anne de Saint-Yves written his fascinating memoirs. King Arthur himself had not the gift of telling us of his own "Excalibur." It is the brave heart of the dreamer, of necessity remaining at home, who best tells us of the adventurous spirits abroad. Thus I draw first blood, and claim that Sir Thomas Malory never drew a sword except in

joyous imagination, and that beneath the quiet of his cassock he himself was Tristram, Lancelot and Arthur, the King.

Thus I see him a quiet, timid man, small of stature, given much to little kindnesses, largely the student, a trifle the philosopher, and most of all a poet. A monk who loved no woman and yet loved all women; for was he not Sir Galihad? A Knight who thought a deal upon the God he saw in the lakes, the green protecting trees, and the eternal hills; yet most of all loved he the sinewy, clean body of a strong man with a brave, true heart! A churchman who loved with meekness the Master of all men, yet he must secretly have admired the awkward swordsman who cut off the High Priest's ear. In a word: a courteous, friendly, humane, modest old spinner of dreams whose gentle writing-hand denied not the courageous fire within his eyes, nor the heart of a king beneath his cassock.

The book he left us has served to inspire much that is beautiful in art and literature. Painters of pictures have used it freely, from our own Howard Pyle and Edwin Abbey to Rossetti and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Tennyson has used it with a master's skill in "the purple pages of his *Idylls of the King*." Swinburne,

Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and many a minor singer have paid it tribute. And I doubt not that the makers of song will sing of it until the mighty Arthur comes again. For does not Caxton, Malory's printer, speaks the spirit of the *Morte d' Arthur* in his prologue :

"Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, be ye at your liberty."



REPRINTS FROM POEMS OF
WILLIAM BLAKE

From *Songs of Innocence*

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

—
'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

—

Are not the joys of morning sweeter
Than the joys of night?
And are the vigorous joys of youth
Ashamed of the light?
Let age and sickness silent rob
The vineyard in the night;
But those who burn with vigorous youth
Pluck fruits before the light.

—

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in the sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!

—
 When thy little heart doth wake,
 Then the dreadful light shall break.

—

From The Prophetic Books

In seed-time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
 He who desires, but acts not, breeds pestilence.
 Eternity is in love with the productions of time.
 The busy bee has no time for sorrow.
 No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.
 The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.
 What is now proved was once only imagined.
 Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth.
 The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted
 to learn of the crow.
 You never know what is enough unless you know what
 is more than enough.
 When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of genius.
 Lift up thy head!
 Damn braces, bless relaxes.
 Where man is not, nature is barren.

—++—

THE IMMORTAL PART

By CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

Time flies,
 Youth dies
 But song shall last
 When youth—and life—are past.

*ANOTHER SONG OF BERTRAN DE BORN**By W. P. SHEPARD*

Sweet Eastertide well pleases me,
That brings green leaves and flowers gay;
Then comes the jolly melody
Of birds who pipe, the live-long day,
‘Mid the dim woods and fields.
But keener joy I have and pride,
When o’er the hills and meadows wide
I see the gleam of shields,
And tents of war ranged side by side,
And stout knights barded steeds astride.

Great joy I have, when troopers bold
Cast out the villein, waste his land;
And still more joy, when through the wold
I see the knights, with blade in hand,
Riding all armed for fight.
Then castles tall are set about,
Archers and mangonels are out,
Naught can withstand our might.
Tho moats be deep and fences stout,
We win right through with song and shout.

Great joy I have, when some fair lord
Far in the van of war is seen,
In his right hand his shining sword;
For thus he keeps his honor green
And heartens all his own.
So when the splintered lances fly,
His bands he holds in courage high,
Nor rides he far alone.
Their praises shall not fade nor die
Who give great blows and foes defy.

Maces on crested helmets smite,
 The banded shields are torn and riven,
 The vassals all are keen for fight,
 There mighty blows are ta'en and given.
 The wounded horses rage
 And bear the dead amidst the throng.
 All men who come of forbears strong,
 Of lofty parentage,
 Reck not of wounds and fear not wrong,
 Rather than shame for death they long.

Sweeter the savor, by my word,
 Than spicy meats or fume of wine,
 Of battle-shout and stroke of sword,
 When down the ranks the helmets shine
 And the good war-steeds neigh.
 "At them!" is everywhere the cry;
 Stout lances crash and splinters fly,
 And dead men strew the way.
 Unhorsed and lone the wounded lie;
 All we smite down, or low or high.

Ye noble barons, pray
 That we may win towns, castles, gold,
 And that our deeds in song be told.



HOW LOVE COMES

By ESTELLE DUCLO

When two shall understand, all-tacitly,
 Nor words, nor touch, scarce glance shall thrill between,
 But they shall *know*, unheard, unfelt, unseen;—
 Then love has come—life's brooding Mystery!

*JOHN KEATS**By* EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

An hostler's son! What boots the lowly birth
When manger-born was King of heaven and earth!
Pale-featured youth; father of deathless song;
So frail of flesh, of spirit ever strong.
At thy nativity the stars above
Most surely sang for joy, and, sent by love,
A white-winged messenger brought thee a lyre,
And touched thy infant's tongue with poet's fire!
O pity! pity! that the gods of ruth
Should quench the flame immortal in thy youth!
Almost a boy, for six and twenty years
Are short enough to learn of hopes and fears;
Of love, and life, and death, and heaven, and hell,
Whose mysteries and wonders thou didst tell.
Thy dying fear was useless—"Here lies one
Whose name was writ in water"—'Neath the sun
No name is more secure, John Keats, than thine,
O hostler's son, who sang with tongue divine!

*THE UNDERCURRENT**By* FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

Though passion like a storm may toss
Our thoughts in anger blind,
Or weariness as in a calm
Quiescent hold the mind,
Steadfast love in us hidden moves
As in the sea the tide,
The secret workings of His will
And not to be denied.

Recent Publications

JAMES RHOADES.—*The Æneid of Vergil*. Translated into English Verse. A revision of an earlier translation that has taken rank among the best translations into English verse. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

MARGARET P. MONTAGUE.—*The Sowing of Alderson Cree*. The author reveals in this realistic tale, the scene of which is laid in the mountains of West Virginia, a careful study of the habits and environment of these mountaineers. A story of love and hate, primitive and elemental, is woven out of the simple life of these plain people of Jumping Creek Draft, in a style that is in perfect harmony with the setting. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1907.

EDITH RICKERT.—*The Golden Hawk*. There is something of the charm of the old romances and the glorious color of magic Provence fixed for us in this exceedingly well-written story, wherein is told, in language of poetic beauty, of the coming and going of Trillon, a belated troubador in disguise who, half Villon, half d'Artagnan, never seems impossible in his modern environment, so different from that of the golden days of King René. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1907.

CLARENCE F. BIRDSEYE.—*Individual Training in Our Colleges*. A book of great value to all interested in higher education in America, and one that must prove a *vade mecum* to all college teachers. Lacking any suggestion of the spirit of hectoring or gratuitous advising, the author's chapters have rather the appearance of formal reports, with which one need not agree in order to recognize their importance and value. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

As the Hague Ordains.—Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan. Can it be that we are to have again that charm of diary and letter-writing of the days of the great

Louis of France and of Charles of England? Every one will surely ask this question while reading this absorbing account of the recent conflict between Russia and Japan. Refreshingly naïve, and yet how true must be this story of the captured Russian officers brought to Japan after each disaster. The charm of the book, however, lies in its semblance to fiction, for no tale of imaginative incident will hold the reader's interest better than this portrayal of real life. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

W. T. FYFE.—*Edinburgh under Sir Walter Scott*. The writer's intimate knowledge of and love for Edinburgh, Scott's town, have enabled him to write an exceedingly interesting and valuable addition to *Scottiana*. Sir Walter and his work, as a part of and incident to his *milieu* at the time when Edinburgh was as important a town as London, is discussed by the author in an original, but scholarly manner. The book is in no sense a *Life of Scott*; but through the minute description of the town and its society may be seen that splendid personality which was so large a part of it. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

South Atlantic Quarterly

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SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY

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Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.

MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

* *

*



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South.

The book is a cap octavo, the page being four and one-quarter by seven inches, printed with black ink from Caslon type, the title-page and colophon being rubricated. The architectonic border of the title-page and the several initial letters in outline were drawn specially for this book.

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